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No. CIX.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

HI-A-WA-THA;

OR,

ARDENT SPIRITS AND LAUGHING WATER.

A MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

BY CHARLES M. WALCOT.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c., &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES.

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121 NASSAU STREET.

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[Catalogue continued on third page of cover.]

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. CIX.

HIAWATHA:

OR,

ARDENT SPIRITS AND LAUGHING WATER.

A
MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA,

IN

TWO ACTS.

BY CHARLES M. WALCOT,

Author of "Washington, or the Spirit of '76;" "Giovanni in Gotham;" "Fried Shots;" "The Dons not Done;" "Britannia and Hibernia;" "Edith;" "The Haunted Man;" "David Copperfield;" "Frank McLaughlin;" "Richard III. to Kill;" "Hoboken;" "A Good Fellow;" "Old Friends and New Faces;" "A Stitch in Time;" "The Customs of the Country;" "Patience and Perseverance;" "Snip Snap," &c. &c.

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TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-Six, by Chas. M. Walcot, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
121 NASSAU-STREET.

1856.

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DEDICATION.

TO W. STUART, ESQ.

MY DEAR MR. STUART,

Written in thirty-four hours, during eight days of almost constant suffering from rheumatism, "Hiawatha" is necessarily but a poor offering, even at the shrine of such considerate friendship as yours; but I, nevertheless, venture to inscribe it to you, because, by so doing, I obtain an opportunity of publicly recording my deep sense of your rare courtesy, liberality and good faith as a manager, but for which, and the goodwill evinced towards myself, even your excellent company could scarcely have been expected to achieve the triumphant production of a Two Act Musical Extravaganza, after only *ten days* from your receipt of the MS., and but *two full* rehearsals.

But knowing well how much the artist-disposition, kindled by urbanity and delicate consideration, might surmount, I risked for it, the hasty construction of a mere vehicle for the conveyance of the highest artistic talent, to the most appreciative of audiences; and with the heartiest acknowledgment of my indebtedness to all concerned in, and upon, "Hiawatha," to you, my dear Mr. Stuart, (the "Great Spirit," to whose benign influence may also be ascribed its signal success,) I dedicate it, with the sincere regard of,

Your obliged friend,

CHAS. M. WALCOT.

12½ Crosby street, N. Y.,

Dec. 29, 1856.

HIAWATHA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Great Red Pipe Stone Quarry on the mountains of the Prairie; from the mountain descends a cascade, falling into a winding course, and forming a stream at the foot of the mountain or rock, which is set at back.* Curtain rises to music, during which *Gitche Manitou*, the Great Spirit, gradually advances through mediums and stands on rock, then finding a pipe near him he sits down, takes tobacco from pouch, fills his pipe, takes out a match-box, lights a match, and with it his pipe, which he then proceeds to smoke, when the music changes to symphony of “*Chough and Crow*,” during which, and while he smokes, diminutive figures of tribes of Indians are seen approaching from all quarters in the far distance, and at the end of the opening solo by *Gitchi Manitou*, all the Indians enter from all sides, singing chorus as they approach.

SOLO—MANITO.

The Fox and Crow for moose are gone,
The Choctaws on a spree,
The Pawnees to obtain a *loan*
From Mo-hawk’s charity.
My mild cloud dances on the fen,
The Red Man’s on his way,
No rows, my men, come hither and atten-
Tion lend to what I say.

Chorus—Entering.

No rows, my men, let’s hurry and atten-
Tion lend to what he’d say.

Solo.

My child and nurse were fast asleep,
My wigwam closed an hour,
And scarce from winking I could keep,
When I started on this tour;
Big Will Derhinds and short Hen Kens
Shot turkeys on the way,
And they vows like men, they’ll readily atten-
Tion lend to what you’d say.

Chorus.

We vows like men, &c.

Solo.

Mohawks, I see, Mandans, Choctaws,
 Blackfeet and Shoshonies,
 Good De (a) I-o'-wares, some chickasaws,
 And likewise Cherokeys.
 You smoked your pipe, we smoked you then,
 And hastened on our way,
 With vows, like men, to readily atten-
 Tion lend to what you'd say.

Chorus.

With vows, like men, &c.

Git. See here, people, my good people,
 Aborigines, red people,
 Listen to a hint I'll give you,
 To a hint that's worth your heeding,
 From the wisdom of an old 'un
 The nut of a smart Indian :
 You have land to grow tobacco,
 Rice to jerk your little pudding,
 Cotton of the South the staple,
 Wrought into a useful fabric,
 Sugar, adjunct of the pudding,
 Of the many phase of pudding.
 You have wooden hams and nutmegs,
 Of the home of the great daylight,
 Gheezis, the great beaming sunlight.
 Northern hand-craft, western grain crops,
 Corner lots, the safe investment,
 For the grocery, the investment,
 Why in thunder not content then ?
 I am weary of your squabbles,
 Of your Tammany outpourings,
 Your infuriated Sachems,
 The heads of the old wigwam.
 Of the whig, too, the old fogie
 In his home lodge, his headquarters ;
 " All your danger is in discord,
 " All your strength is in your union ! "

Wab. Well, see here, folks, I kinder like that idea,
 Guess, on that question, this crowd won't divide here.
 No one won't kick up no internal broils.
 Providing always that we shares the spoils.

Kab. That suits my book, I'm a peace man, by thunder !
 Only let's have a fair shake at the plunder,
 Now them's my sentiments, what's Shawondasees ?

SHAWONDASEE *rises suddenly.*

“ Sha. I thought I’d have to fire up here like blazes,
But see the thing in your light very clearly,
Honor! my country!—

Kab. [Aside to Sha.] Snacks!

Sha. Ah! you’ve touched me nearly.

Git. What says Mr. Mudjekeewis?
Of the far west he the father!

Wab. Well, he’s agreeable.

Kab. You’re good enough to say so.
If thus he slips his chances, why he may do.

Wab. Don’t be afraid, he’s busy just at present,
And couldn’t come, but since you seem so pleasant,
Just understand that he won’t take no man’s sarse,
If you skin him, he’ll take it out of Kansas.

Kab. I’m satisfied.

Wab. I guess you’d best be rather.

[HIAWATHA whoops outside—all jump up and look out, L. U.
But see who comes!

Omnes. Hi! hi! hi! hi!—awatha!

[Whooping.

Enter HIAWATHA, L. U.

Git. Wherefore thus behind hand, sonny?

Hia. I saw your smoke, but says I there’s no knowing
Whose puff it is in this grand age of blowing;
Suppose, says I, instead of the Great Spirit,
It’s Charles’s gin, of which they puff the merit,
It might be Barnum—blowing for aught I know,
But hard luck put his pipe out long ago.
I heard no bell, so ‘spose you didn’t ring it,
The reason why I’m late is—stop, I’ll sing it.

SONG.—HIAWATHA.

I.

I popped my head out of the door
To see where the smoke was arising,
And waited five minutes or more,
But thought it was nothing surprising;
Till it formed a small cloud in the South
That grew black as it roll’d along Nor’ard,
Mum, says I, I won’t open my mouth,
Till I know what’s the game going for’ard.
That wasn’t so green for a poor Aborigine,
Whoo! whoo! whoo!
You can’t fool this here b’hoys!

II.

Well, I travell’d along on my way,
With nobody holding communion,
Till I heard some “Roughs” shouting “Let’s play
A hand at the game of disunion.”

No, no, says I, boys, it's "played out,
 You may puff and blow all you desire ;
 But try, and you'll soon solve the doubt,
 That you're making a smoke without fire.
 That wasn't so green for a poor Aborigine,
 Whoo ! whoo ! whoo !
 You can't fool this here bh'oy !

Git. You are right, my son.

Hia. Well, yes, I rather guess so
 I runs with Thirty-eight,—I do—what !—

Git. 'Jes' so !

Hia. So much for Mose, I think he's had his day
 As hero of Burlesque, of Farce and Play,
 (*Made so by me, tho' others got the pay.*)
 To his own grandest, noblest of spheres
 I yield him, and bespeak for him three cheers.

Wab. I guess we'd best not get on quite so fast,
 The bill we fust begun on hain't been passed ;
 I don't want to be led no idle dance,
 I'm from down East—

[All cheer

Hia. So look to the *Main* chance.—
 I overheard your motion to divide—
 Not on the question, you were all allied
 With wondrous unanimity on that.
 Well, I see plain enough what 'tis you're at,
 And I consent, altho' my heart it grieves,
 Only remember—" Honor among—"'

Wab. }
Kab. } Hem !—Oh, of course, of course !
Sha. }

Hia. That question settled and the country safe,
 We must remember not to disturb or chafe
 Those who for eccentricities have patent,
 And upon quiet little jobs have fattened.
 Therefore, that all may be *couleur de rose*,
 I beg to emphatically to propose
 Imprimis—that it shan't be cause of quarrel,
 That 'gainst our doors, box, basket or ash-barrel
 Become a *standing* joke for foreign people,
 Tho' piled as steep as Trinity Church steeple,
 That boys both short and tall have leave to lam
 Just who they please, and no one care ahem ;
 That authors be encouraged to abuse
 The audiences who pay them to amuse,
 And local plays still blackguard and belie
 Opulence, taste and liberality.

Kab. What authors are so destitute of souls ?

Hia. Your mongrel *Senecas* and *Semi-Knowles*.
 Don't interrupt me !—That the foul disgrace

Of having earned a fortune, may efface
All claim to be considered of the Ton—

Kab. Well, here old chap, I say, you're getting on—

Hia. Hush up!—No author shall be bound to know
Society, but paint all classes low;
The rich all dough-heads without hope of leaven,
And not a single virtue under Heaven!

Wab. Well, yes—that's 'bout as fair as you can say.
Best let them things go on in the old way;
'Tain't no use gettin' up no revolutions,
Nothing like sticking to our institutions.

Omnes. Ay, ay, ay, ay!

Hia. Exactly!—same all through,
That's the old story,—scratch me, I'll scratch you.
Well, that's all settled, and you understand
Discord's for ever banished from the land;
So wash the war paint from your precious faces,
Adopt the best course for your several *races*,
To break up all your clubs, bury the chopper,
In fact, do everything that's right and proper—
Then all start off, bound trouble to defy,
Resolved emphatically to "Root Hog or Die."

[All whoop.]

SOLO.—HIAWATHA and CHORUS.

AIR.—"Root Hog or Die."

Now boys from the South, from the North, East and West,
Just hush up all your jaws, for I guess you'll find it best
To bury all your difference, and I can tell you why,—
Just to go in for the Union—root hog, or die!
Chief, Mayor, or President—taint a bit of matter—
Stand side by side, boys—millionaire or squatter.

Do jog along.

Chorus.—Chief, Mayor, &c.

II.

We're just the greatest nation that ever you did see;
We can whip the whole creation, if they won't let us be
Messieurs Johnny Bull and Crapeau, both are spry—
But united, we can teach 'em how we root, hog, or die.

Chief, Mayor, &c.

III.

Whenever you're disposed with each other's acts to grumble,
Just call to mind the fable of the sticks in a bundle;
And remember that, divided, you can break them every one,
But while they hold together, boys, it ain't to be done.

Chief, Mayor, &c.

All whoop and dance up.—(Closed in.)

SCENE II.—*Interior of Dammidortur's Wigwam or Lodge. At change, Symphony of Cuckoo Song, to which enter MINNEHAHA, who exclaims "Heigho," whenever the music imitates the Cuckoo.*

SONG.—MINNEHAHA.

"

It can't be denied, because 'tis true.
 Although 'tis anything but right
 That nobody comes this way to woo ;
 Therefore for a husband I hav'nt a sight--
 Fellows enough, and good-looking, I see,
 But all married men, and not for me.
 Heigh-ho ! Heigh-ho ! Heigho ! Oh dear, oh dear !
 What fools men are—
 Will nobody marry poor Minnehaha !

II.

They call me "Laughing Water," tho' why
 I'm sure I don't know any more than I care ;
 But this I do know, I'm just ready to cry,
 And if 'twere'nt improper I'd certainly swear.
 Now ain't it a shame, these fellows should be
 All married men and not for me.
 Heigh-ho ! Heigh-ho ! Heigho ! Oh dear, oh dear !
 What fools men are—
 Will nobody marry poor Minnehaha !

Min. Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do ?
 I've read the last sensation novel through,
 And not one new hint does the book contain
 How to improve one's chances of a swain.
 I've called in fashion's aid to win a beau,
 My calls are fruitless and my *whoops* no go.
 What's to be done ? Some stir I must create—
 I'll write a book—or, better, imitate
 The cheap and nasty method now to shine—
 Claim some one else's "Halifax" as mine.
 Perhaps some captain bold of country quarters
 Might induce me to misapply my gar—boot-lace,
 And end this most unsatisfactory strife
 'Twixt can't-help maidenhood and would-be wife.
 What can Poohpoohmammi have been about,
 All the long, weary time that I've been out ?
 She, too, poor girl, 's as badly off as I,
 But she's that sort that never will say die
 She'd make believe she doesn't want to marry ;
 Can such a girl exist ? Oh, nary ! nary !
 Poohpooh, dear !

[Contin.

Pooh. [R. 3 E.—*In wigwam.*] Minne, darling, is that you ?
 [Entering.] Why, bessum 'ittle heart, come kissum, do ;
 [Kisses her.] And tell me what it looks so glum about—
 Um's 'ittle Minnehaha mustn't pout.

Min. Poohpooh, my dear, fact is I'm bored to death.

Pooh. Hush ! never own it, you take away my breath.
 Be calm, indifferent to the latest minute.

Min. I've tried it often, dear, "there's nothing in it."

Pooh. Nothing in modesty ? What d'ye talk about ?

Min. Nothing, believe me, that game's all played out.
 Plot, danger, mystery's all the order now—
 Imminent peril ! Grand prospective row !
 Governor furious, Mamma in tears,
 Novels and sewing machines for some two years ;
 Then child repentant, aged patient floored ;
 Denouement—family harmony restored.

Pooh. Well, if you really like that style of thing—
 The regular Young New York, slap-dash, full swing—
 Perhaps you won't quite faint to learn that I
 Have had a fond perspiring youth laid by
 For some time past, all duly primed and loaded,
 And ready to go off, but that's exploded,
 Unless there's some excitement about going,
 Pistols and parleys, blustering and blowing.
 But know, also, to *your* delight, my dear,
 While you were out another has been here,
 Pretending to want arrows of your Papa,
 But really for a peep at Minnehaha.

Min. [Speaking quite fast.] For me ? Oh ! [Kisses her.]
 Describe him if you can ! Dear, describe him, if you can ! !
 Is he a tall, stout, short, thin, thick-set man ?
 Long teeth, white eye-lashes ?—No, no, I mean
 White teeth, long eye-lashes—and is he green ?—
 I should say young. Has he a tender head ?—
 Heart, heart, I mean. My dear, why has he fled ?

Pooh. Says he—is Mr. Dammidortur in ?
 No sir, says I—at which he gave a grin ;—
 From which, thinks I, it's plainly to be seen
 It's Minnehaha ! Mister, that you mean.
 And so I tried him. No one's here, says I,
 But me and the Tom Cat. Oh, yes !—good bye,
 Says he—I'll call again some other day—
 Picked himself up, and marched himself away.
 But 'twixt ourselves my dear, I've strong suspicion
 He's somewhere in the neighborhood a fish'n'.

Min. Then Poohpooh, dear, why didnt you invite
 The gentleman to stay and have a *bite*
 Before he started. Tell me, did he look
 A taking sort of man ?

Pooh. Yes. [Aside.] With a hook

Min. Love-making's not in my line, but I feel
My heart runs after him.

Pooh. Right off the reel !

Min. Papa's away, and won't be home till night ;
I think it therefore anything but *right*
This stranger should be left to go neglected.
He may be some one that papa expected.
In short, I think the best thing we can do,
Is to—in fact—run after him, don't you ?

Pooh. My sentiments, my darling, to a T !]
Go in and win !—let's have a reg'lar spree.

Min. Prudence, my dear !

[*Mocking her.*

Pooh. Oh, who at that can match me ?
Prudence, of course.

Min. But don't forget the latch-key.

HORNPIPE DUET.

Pooh. Come along with me.]*Runs and takes key out of door.*

Min. Are you sure you've got the key ?

Pooh. Ope your eyes and see.

[*Shows key..*

Min. What a bit of fun 'twill be.

Pooh. Well, we'll go it, if we know it.

Min. We're the fellows that can do it

Pooh. Well, you've got to, if you travel with Poohpoohmammi.

Min. Tol de riddle, lol di riddle lol, de ri do do.

Pooh. What the dickens do you mean by tol de ri do da ?

Min. When one's got no more to say, tol de riddle lol de ray,
Does about as well, as anything.

Pooh. Well, perhaps it may.

[*Repeat tol de rol, dance hornpipe and exeunt, D. F.*

SCENE III.—*Romantic Landscape, with set waters—deep stage.*

Enter INDIANS, whooping and jumping, 2 and 3 E. L.

Kab. Now, boys, I want to hear what you've to say

About a fishing party for to-day.

We've bait, galore, and lines a thousand hanks.

There's plenty to be hooked about the banks ;

Who joins ?

Omnes. All! all!

Kab. Well said, boys, every one.

Wab. Yes, if there's any hooking to be done.

Kab. Come, then, let's paddle, there's no time to lose ;
So let's be off, at once, to the canoes.

But where's our Nukkleundah ? without him

Our chance of jollity is rather slim.

Wab. Oh ! here he comes, I thought he'd be along ;
He'll keep us lively with his jest and song.

[*Symphony of Non Piu Andrai, to which enter NUKKLEUNDAH, L. U.,
down c.*

NUKKELEUNDAH *sings.*

Now, my lads, since we're bent on a bender,
Mind your eye, and let nothing be slow.
Hang the chap who would be a suspender
Of fun, when a spree is the go.
See that the baskets are stocked with provisions ;
And as fighting's prohibited, now,
'Mongst the bottles, allow no collisions,
For we can't spare the blood that would flow.
Oh, be chary ;
And, oh, Nary.
Oh, no Nary ;
A sweet drop to be wasted allow.
Whiskey, brandy, rum and porter,
Let continually flow ;
But don't drink any more than you'd *order* ;
For 'tis loose to get tight, you must know.

Wab. What's come of Hiawatha ?

Nuk. Oh ! to-day

He's on an altogether different lay.
You know the arrow-maker, Dammidortur.
Well, Minnehaha, nicknamed Laughing Water ;
His child is devilish handsome, and still single ;
And I'll just bet a cow against a shingle,
My bold Hiawatha's spooney on her.

Wab. Well !

Does that prove he can't go with us ? Do tell.

Nuk. No, not exactly, for truth to say,
I'm slightly nipped myself in the same way ;
And must do the genteel before I go.
But there's no back-out in this child, you know,
So that I'll find, and no doubt, bring him too.

Wab. If Laughing Water don't prove too deep for you.

Kab. Hooray, then ! Now, boys, one raise, good and hearty.

For North, South, East, West—all one jolly party. [*All whoop.*

Chorus.

Hip ! hip ! hip ! Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

For North and South, together.

Hip ! hip ! hip ! Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

East and West, all in one tether.

Brothers, all heart end hand,

Who shall our Union's band,

Dare in this thrice-happy land to sever ?

Never shall faction rend

Kith and kin—friend and friend :

All shall the Union defend forever !

Hip ! hip ! hip ! Hurrah !

[*Exeunt omnes*, p. 2 and 3 e.

When all have disappeared, R., enter HIAWATHA, in a canoe, L.

Hia. Extremely patriotic and quite proper ;
Disunion's a card I beg to copper.
Nevertheless, I'm very glad they've gone,
For I can catch my little sturgeon now, alone ;
And in the meantime wait till Dammidortur
Gets home, which, by this time, I think he'd ought'er.
Oh, Minnehaha ! fervent is my wish
That you've no preference for venison over fish ;
Because, instead of shooting you—a deer
(As in the original song it doth appear),
I mean to try to catch for you, my charmer,
The King of Sturgeons, yclept Mishe Nahma.
So, come up, now, old fellow, and let's at you.

[*Fishing.*] Let's see which is the strongest—come, od rat you !
Ah, there's a bite [*Pulls up*] by jingo ! but I'll strike.

[*Pulls up.*] Psha ! it's the Maskinoza, the blamed pike.

[*Throws it in.*] What ! you won't nibble, eh, old fellow—say.

Don't keep me fishing for you here all day.

That was another ! [*Pulls up.*] Way with you, you trash.

You're no account, you're only Ugudwash

The sun-fish, leave ! [*Throws it in.*] Come, stir yourself, old Nahma,
You're for a chowder for my Minnehaha.

Scissors ! but that feels like him ! pull ahoy !

No—no you don't—[*Canoe rocks*] try it again, old boy,

[*Great fight and rocking of Canoe.*

By thunder ! now I've got him ! ah he's collared !

[*Fish rises and swallows him and Canoe.*

No,—no it's me ! it's me ! I'm gone ! I'm swallowed !

[*Disappears in jaws of sturgeon, R.*

Enter POONPOOH and MINNI, L. 2 E.

Min. Well, here we are, I wish that I could say
As much for him we're after.

Pooh. 'Tis the way

With all the men.

Min. What, not to be on hand ?

Pooh. Unless you snub 'em well, and then they 'll stand
Just where you please to put 'em and not move,
Unless you rashly let on you're in love.
Then they begin to hedge, fight shy and jockey
And then your chance to win is mighty rocky,
I know—I've had a brush myself, mile heats
But they don't catch this filly at repeats.

Min. Well, there's no fun in going home just yet.

Pooh. Devil a bit—let's have a little bet.

Come, my scarf against yours, I do a mile
Quicker than you.

Min. I take that, there's my pile. [*Puts scarf on.*

Pooh. It's covered. [*Puts down scarf.*] I'm 2-40, nothing shorter.

Min. Oh, trot out, you may beat on the first quarter,

But you can't foot no gait that I can't fetch,
Tell you I'm awful fast on the home stretch.

Pooh. Well, ready—
Hold hard, wait for the word go.

[*MINNEHAHA* starts *R.*

Min. [Comes back.] Ah, all right, now then—let's be reg'lar.

Pooh. Go— [Speaks quickly and starts *R.*]
Min. Here, that won't wash—come, let's have a fair start.

[*POOH* comes back.]

Once round, then off at "go."

Pooh. With all my heart,
Let's get off now, I hate this coming back.

Min. Suits me, I've got the inside of the track,
Now steady, off she goes—I told you so
That's pretty, neck and neck—now for it—Go !

[During this speech they have started slowly from *L.* up stage to *R.*
cross footlights to *L.* and then bolt off *R.*]

Slow music in orchestra from *L'etoile du Nord.* The *STURGEON* appears
floundering in the water which turns red.

Sturgeon. [Sing's.]

Oh, here's a go ! this fellows broke my heart
Ugh oh ! ugh oh ! Oh don't it smart !
I took him down, because 'twas time to sup
And now I swow ! I'm throwing him up !

Hia.

Let me out, you son of a—trout,
I'm nearly smothered entirely here,
Such horrid sights, your dreadful lights
Reveal—my pluck is, converted to fear,
Oh, if you can reach,
Throw me on the beach !

Sturgeon.

Oh, here's a go ! &c.

[*The STURGEON* throws *HIAWATHA* out of his mouth on the stage.

Hia. Perdition catch thy arm !—thy jaws I should say
If I were playing Richard—"Arm," I would say,
The chance is thine, but oh the vast renown,
Thou'st gained by gobbling Hiawatha down,
Afflicts him more than Whiskey can assuage,
Now let me roll no more about the stage
To spin out this already lingering act,
But stick to brevity if not to fact,
Hurry the cakes that this crude scene may end
And to delighted shouts the drop descend.

[*Rolls over as if dead.*

[*Distant shouts as at a race course, MINNEHAHA and POOHPOOH-MAMMI seen in little figures running with varying success on the opposite bank at back towards *L. H.*, shouts grow louder as they disappear, *L.**

Enter MINNEHAHA first, closely followed by POOPHOHMMAMMI, L. 1 C.

Min. Ha ! ha ! my dear, I told you I should win.

Pooh. Only because I broke up coming in,
One fellow shouted so on the home stretch,
I lost the race by looking at the wretch,
He had such eyes—they made me grow unsteady,
Else I'd have beat you easily, my lady.

Min. Mem ; never risk a break up with a lover,
You lose ground that you can't always recover.
The scarfs are mine, and so I'll take my prize.

[*Goes to pick up scarfs in which HIAWATHA has partially rolled himself, sees him and screams.*]

What's this that thus secreted in them lies
Like Kirby when he used a piece to tag,
And died rolled up in the American flag.
Why 'tis a man, and dead or fast asleep ;
What's to be done ?

Pooh. Don't be alarmed, he'll keep.
Let's look ! why, yes, it is the very man.

Min. What, my man ?

Pooh. Yours.

Min. Dispute it if you can,
I found, and claim him by right of discovery,
That is, if there's a chance of his recovery.

Pooh. No fear but all your rights you'll soon find out,
Locate your claim, and settle him no doubt.

Min. See ! see he moves ! [approaching]. I wonder if he'll bite ?

Pooh. Yes, at a beefsteak, judging by his plight ;
Let's raise him up, I think he wants to speak.

Min. I havn't got the face.

Pooh. Well, I've the cheek. [Kneels by HIAWATHA].
So just let me hear what he has to say—
If you don't want, why look another way.

Min. No, never mind, I guess I'll risk it, dear. [Kneels on other side.]

Pooh. He's whispering something.

Min. What ?

Pooh. I can't quite hear.

Min. Poor fellow ! let me try—he's faint no doubt—
I'd like to understand.

[*Puts her face close to HIAWATHA, as if to listen. he kisses her.*

Pooh. Can you make out ?

Min. Well, yes, he says he's better, but quite weak,
So I don't mind remaining, while you seek
Refreshment for him, anything, bread and meat.

Pooh. I'm not quite sure it's meet that he should eat,
But I'll bring something—don't get in a flurry,
I won't be long gone.

Min. Oh, you needn't hurry,
I don't think I'm much frightened, darling, now.

Pooh. [Knowingly.] Oh! Great Institution! handsome men, I vow!
Exit Poohpooh, L.

Min. Do you feel better, sir?

Hia. I can't speak loud,

I'll try and whisper though, if I'm allowed.

Min. Oh, certainly.

[Leans to listen—he kisses her.]

Hia. Much better, thank you, though

Not well, but mending nicely, but so-so.

[Kisses her twice.]

Min. Have you been ship-wrecked? Shall I call a surgeon?

Hia. No, I've been fish-wrecked, given up by a sturgeon.

[Rising and advancing.]

Tell me, my sweet preserver, who you are,

Who've saved me from this pickle and the jar

That shook me senseless when I was thrown ashore—

Hav'n't I seen or heard of you before?

Min. Not that I know of.

Hia. Let me know your name.

Min. 'Tis Minnehaha.

Hia. Oh, the same, the same

Child of the arrow-maker Dammidortur,

Handsomest of women—"Laughing Water!"

ARIA—HIAWATHA. ("Tu Vedrai.")

Do but try and venture arter
 Me, and I'll just bet a quarter
 You'll find I'm just the sorter
 Kinder chap that you've been looking for so long;
 I've a wigwam just the dandy,
 Stocked with all things nice and handy,
 From salt pork to Wild's best candy;
 And all's yours, love, if you'll only come along.

Min. They call me "Laughing Water," but I guess
 You won't find many girls that laugh much less.

Hia. And why so, sweet—can I your vapors scatter?

Min. Why, I'm sixteen, and that's no laughing matter.

Then father's such a grumpy slow old poke,

Living with him, I tell you, now's no joke.

There's never any fun in our house—

I really sometimes wish I were a mouse,

That other little mice might come and play with me,

Or else some great big pussey run away with me.

Hia. My darling, look at me! Behold your cat!

Who, if he's not mistaken, smells a rat—

My real name's Hiawatha, but my Nom

De circonference, is Thomas, vulgus Tom.

I'm full of fun as any fiddler's dog,

Or chip munk playing bo-peep in a log;

Then, dwell, come dwell with me,

And our home shall be, our home shall be,

In a pleasant cot, in a tranquil spot,
With a distant view of the changing sea.

Min. My gracious!—Oh, you musn't think I meant—

Hia. No, no, I don't—but say that you consent,
Sweet Minnehaha, lovely, laughing water.

Min. All square?

Hia. As a die!

Min. Then take me, Hiawatha!

[*A la Julia.*]

Enter Poohpooh, with basket of provisions.

Pooh. Well, 'pon my word, good people, you get on.
I hope you've not been dull while I've been gone?

Min. Why, no; you've been so quick you must have run.
But what do you think? Oh, such a bit of fun!
I'm going to be Mrs. Hiawatha!

Pooh. Well, that's what I call rushing matters, rather.

Hia. Strike while the iron's hot—there's nothing like it.

Min. Wouldn't you like a chance, my dear, to strike it?

Pooh. I'm mortal, and confess my sex's weakness—
Ready to suffer with becoming weakness.

Enter Nukkelundah, R. 1 E.

Nuk. Me, too; come, fellow-sufferer, [*Crosses to Pooh.*] your hand.
Don't be alarmed, good folks, we understand.

Hia. What, Nukkel?

Min. Poohpooh, dear, is this your one?

Pooh. Well, yes; I call him so—only for fun.

Hia. By Jove, old fellow, this is glorious!

Nuk. Let's fire a salute, since we're victorious.

Hia. With all my heart—bang!

[*Kisses Min.*

Nuk. Bang!

[*Kisses Poohpooh.*

Min. Oh!

Pooh. Stop!

[*Kisses Min.*

Hia. Bang!

[*Kisses Poohpooh.*

Nuk. Bang!

Min. Some one will hear you!

Hia. Let some one go hang!

Pooh. [*To Nukkelundah.*] Now be so good as to restrain your ardor,
Or keep it for the products of the larder.

Hia. Most wise suggestion. Is it agreed?

Min. Pooh, and *Nuk.* Agreed!

Hia. Let's lay the cloth, then, and sit down and feed.

Nuk. [*Produces things from basket.*] Where did you get these?
Isn't this a funny go?

Hia. [*Assisting girls also.*] Of the old aboriginal Delmonico.

[*They spread cloth, eatables and drinkables.*

It doesn't matter whether it is correct—'

That's all played out—the main thing is effect.

Nobody cares about truth now-a-days,

Or who the deuce could stand our local plays?

In which all authors seem to have to do]
Is to pitch into the Fifth Avenue.

Nuk. That's a fixed fact! Who'll have a glass of sherry?

Hia. All hands—allow me.

[Helps MINNEHAHA—NUKKLEUNDAH helps POOHPOOH—They all drink.

Nuk. Deuced good wine that.

Hia. Very.

[Takes glasses and puts them down—NUKKLEUNDAH takes POOHPOOH—
MAMI's glass and does the same.]

And now, to do the true dramatic thing.

I 'spose you are aware we ought to sing?

Nuk. Not me, I thank you.

Min. Lor' is that the ton?

Hia. Yes, at the least convenient time, a song
Duet, or trio, always is dragged in.

That's the true opera-style—so, come, begin.

[*Go up.*

TRIO.

HIAWATHA, MINNEHAHA and POOHPOOHMANI.

'Tis a very funny thing here to wait and sing,

When the dinner's getting cold;

But they do it every day

In Opera and Play,

And 'tis very fine, we're told—

Oh, 'tis funny, very funny—

Oh, 'tis funny—funny, funny.

But, on second thoughts, that we

Be such fools I can't agree,

As to wait, as to wait.

We can fancy very well,

Echo sounds the dinner bell:

Echo, echo, sounds the dinner bell,

For 'tis late—for 'tis late—

'Tis a very funny thing, &c.

[After Trio all go up, and sit to dinner.

Nuk. I hope you've had a good time—take some pie.

Min. Oh, I think it's good fun.

Pooh. Yes, so don't I.

Hia. Minne—, my darling duck, a glass of wine?

Min. With pleasure, dear.

Poch. [Aside to MIN.] I say, love, draw it fine.

Min. Oh, it's such fun!

Pooh. Mind, not another glass,

'Twill get into your head.

Min. My dear, it has.

[Drinks with HIAWATHA.]

Nuk. Another glass of sherry, dear, for you.

Pooh Not if this court know herself, and she think she do.

Enter DAMMIDORTUR and HIANAKITE, L. I E., MINNEHAHA and POOHPOOHMANI scream, and cling to HIAWATHA and NUKKLEUNDAH.

Hian. My daughter and yours, too, as I'm a sinner,
And with two fellows, sitting down to dinner.

Dam. [To HIAWATHA.] I've read of something like this in Don Juan
He ought t'have had a licking—I'll give you on;

Pooh. Oh, hold me, Nukkle.

Min. Save me, Hiawatha!

Hia. Look here a minute, Mr. Dammidortur

Nuk. And you look here too, Mrs. Hiana !

Min. Oh, I shall faint !

Pooh. And I'm most dead with fright !

Hia. I love this gal.

Nuk. And I love this one, I do.

Hia. And you can't get 'em.

Nuk. So you needn't try to.

Dam. I can't !—well here come those who can and w' !.

Enter INDIANS, at all sides—yelling.

Hia. Call in your tribes from every vale and hill ;
Boys, these old ducks our wives from us would sever.
Shall they dissolve our Union ?

All. Never ! never !

[Yells.

[The INDIANS seize DAMMIDORTUR, L. and HIANAKITE, R., and hold them
from HIAWATHA ; MINNEHAHA, NUKKLEUNDAH and POOPHOHMMAMMI,
who embrace.—HIANAKITE faints in INDIAN's arms.

FINALE—FROM “*Gazza Ladra*,” AND LAUGHING TRIO—
“*Vadasi via de Qua*.”

Min. and *Pooh.* See what dreadful small potato,
‘Tis to fight poor human natur',
Girls will marry soon, or later,
If it's only just for fun !

Hia. Useless all the muss you're making,
And the trouble you've been taking,
Don't you see that Union breaking,
Arn't the cheese, and can't be done.

Hia. and *Omnes.* Very severe, Papa, (Mamma,)
Upon my word you are,
You've gone a step too far.
Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
You've gone a step too far.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Wood.*

Enter No-go-miss and Hianakite, L.

No. Yes, this is what I call a pretty go—
Bringing his gals home here. I'll let her know—
Hian. And my young hussey, too, has brought a fellow.
Oh, I'll fix him off nicely, I can tell her.

No. What can that scamp of mine want with a wife?
Ain't I the salt o' the young cusses' life?
Don't I stick to him like fifty poor man's plasters?
Salt! ugh! why, lord, I'm a full set o' castors.
If it was female beauty he was arter,
He never could have chose this Laughing Water;
Or else I don't know where the fool's eyes could be,
Beauty! she beautiful! ugh—look at me!

Hian. Ah well, I'll spoil my precious hussey's fun,
I'll get some girl, if I can hit on one,
Graceful and handsome, to pretend to be
In love with Nukkleundah—

No. Why not me?
I'll do it for you to a charm, my dear.
Hian. No, 'twould be troubling you too much, I fear.
I think I know a gal can win him, though,
Gammon and wheedle him, and—

No. Ugh! I know!
I could, if I was only set the task,
Walk round him like a cooper round a cask.
Hows'ever, my gay miss'll keep me busy,
I'll see if I can get young Yenadizzi
To fool about her; he's one of them fellows
That's just cut out to make a lover jealous.
You'd best get him to make love to yours too,
He'll make more mischief than a girl can do,
Flirting with Nukkelundah.

Hian. Good, my dear,
'Twill set both chaps against the gals, that's clear.

No. If we can only manage that, good-bye
To any more of 'em for you and I.
My boy will soon let Minnehaha slide,
And your gal won't be Nukkelundah's bride;
So come along—the festival's begun—
They'll come off second best, though, 'fore 'tis done.
I've made 'em think I ain't a bit displeased,
And, just to show how quick I was appeased,
I got all ready for the festival,
As if I really doted on the gal.
They won't suspect our trap until they're caught,

And then ! Lord, how the thought on't makes me snort !
Come on, my dear—I'll wife him.

Hian. Ah, we'll show 'em !

No. Consarn their ugly picters !

Hian. Blame 'em.

No. Blow 'em !

[*Exeunt NOGOMIS and HIANAKITE.*]

SCENE II.—*An Indian Village.*

The Indians discovered lying, sitting and standing about the stage eating and drinking.

CHORUS.—(*Amilie.*)

Hiawatha ! Hiawatha ! and Minnehaha,
And Nukkel and Nukkel and Poohpoohmamma,
Jolly luck to you both, boys, the same to your gals,
As long as you live, is the wish of your pals.
May you ne'er want a friend, or a bottle to give,
Nor be troubled with shorts as long as you live ;
May you never do anything much more amiss,
Than kiss whom you please, and please whom you kiss ;
May he that loves Poohpooh, and he that loves Minne,
Ne'er want a good coat, a clean shirt, or a guinea.

Wab. Here come the brides and bridegrooms—shout, boys, shout !—

[*All shout, " Whoo—whoo—whoo ! "—Enter HIAWATHA, leading MINNEHAHA and NUKKELUNDAH, with POOHPOOHMAMMI, from wigwam, U. E. R., bowing as they advance.*]

Good—now, another rouser—spit it out !

[*All shout as before very wildly*

Hia. Most worthy and enthusiastic friends,
We don't get often on these festive bends,
But as my lovely Minnehaha's beau,
You've kinder got me on a string, you know.
I trust the peck and things are all O. K.

Nuk. That claret is La Rose, I beg to say.

Hia. The Pate de foie gras arrived to-day.

Pooh. The pork and beans were cooked in a new pan.

Min. The oysters stewed on the Canal street plan.

Hia. In fact, without a show of vain pretence,
This spread's got up regardless of expense.

So now let's pitch in, boys, and have some fun—

Come, say the word now, what's first to be done ?

Wab. Guess how, 'twould kinder help the thing along
If your gal there would sing the crowd a song.

All. Ay, ay, ay, ay—a song from Minnehaha.

Min. [Bashfully.] Oh, no, I couldn't, really, I'm so—

Hia. Psha, psha !

Every one understands that sort of thing—

HIAWATHA.

We know you want to sing, my dear, so sing.

Min. Oh, now, for shame—how can you, I declare
I only know one song, and I don't dare
To sing that all alone—'taint fit to hear,
Unless—oh, won't you sing it with me, dear?

Hia. With all my heart, if it's a song I know,

Min. Oh! you must know it, for it's all the go
In London, in the Susan Hopley set,
There's been but these two copies sent here yet,
I altered some few of the words a bit,
Called it my own, and copy-righted it.

[*Gives Hia.*, a Ballad.]

Hia. Ha! just the sort of song for two to sing,
Tune—"As I vas a valkin' vun mornin' in spring."

Min. The story's very touching; what you'd call
Domestic, yet romantic—

Hia. Like "Sam Hall,"

TWO PART SONG.

[*In imitation of the London Beggar Singers,*]

I.

Min. Oh, my love he is a saileur, so galliant and bold,
He's as straight as a flagstaff,

Hia. And jest nineteen year old.
For to cruise the wide world, he

Min. Has left his own dear,
And my heart it is

Hia. A bustin be—

Min. Cause he is not

Both. Here.

II

Hia. Oh, his parents they bound him all

Min. To a carpenter,
But a sea-farin life he did

Hia. Very much prefer,
For his sperit

Min. Was tremenjous and

Hia. Fierce to behold,
In a young man bred a

Min. Carpenter, and ony

Both. Nineteen year old.

Min. Oh, my buzzum! it is tosted jest like—

Hia. The rollin' sea,
For fear his affecshins don't

Min. Still p'int toe me,
For a

Hia. Sweetheart can be found in

Min. Each port, I am told,

Hia. Eckspeshally for a young man ony
 Both. Nineteen year old.

IV.

Hia. And it's oh ! for my lovyer I grieve
 Hia. And repine,
 For fear that fine formed man mayn't ¹²⁸⁴¹⁴⁷
 Min. Never be mine
 All the cashes of Injee
 Hia. Both silvier and goold, ¹²⁸⁴¹⁴⁸
 Min. I'd give for my saileur boy. ¹²⁸⁴¹⁴⁹
 Both. Ony nineteen year old. ¹²⁸⁴¹⁵⁰

[After song, all crowd round HIA., and MIN., a little up, whooping &c.—No-go-miss and HIANAKITE advance from R. to C.

Hian. Well, what says Yenadizzi, will he do it?

No. Tickled to death, and swears that he'll stick to it.

He's coming presently to join the dance,
 And means to pitch in then, if there's a chance.
 Keep up your pluck up, it's all right, old gal,
 You'll see he'll go in the whole animal.

[They go up, R. All suddenly cry—“ Yenadizzi, Yenadizzi ! Whoo ! whoo ! whoo !

Enter YENADIZZI, R. U.—HIA. meets and salutes him.

Hia. My hyfalutin friend, how do you do ?
 I'm charmed to see you—

Yen. Oh ! really you are too—
 Yes, 'pon my honor, really, I declare—
 Your charming bride, too, [Kisses MIN.'s hand] exquisite, I swear !
 Your friend, I think—yes, really very proud,
 Friend's wife, sweet creature ! may I be allowed—

[Kisses Pooh.'s hand.]

Delighted, positively—how d'ye do ?

Meschers petits, comment vous portez vous ?

To the men.

To the girls

Min. [To HIA.] What a particularly handsome chap !

Hia. Yes, he's good looking, but a horrid sap.

He travels on his pretty, nothing here.

[Touching his head.]

No. [Aside.] That won't be long your case my boy, that's clear.

Pooh. Oh ! isn't he a duck !

Nuk. Well, come, that's cool !

My dear, I don't like—

Pooh. Darling, don't be a fool.

Nuk. My love, you needn't quite devour the pup—

Pooh. Don't be a noodle—

Nuk. But—

Pooh. My sweet, shut up ! [NUKELUND AH flounces up indignantly.]

No. [Aside to YENADIZZI.] At 'em, my lad, they're struck with you, I see,

Yen. Yes, 'tis a hit, I think ; that's just like me.

No. Oh ! you're too elegant to be resisted—

[Aside.] Lucky for you, if your neck don't get twisted,

But I don't care, so as he makes these fellows]
Nukkelundah and Hiawatha jealous.

Yen. [Who has sauntered up to MINNEHAHA, l. c.] Not heard the
Traviater—oh ! dear me,

Why, what a savage your liege lord must be !

Min. Why, I've been told that's such a naughty piece.

Yen. Oh, no, not more than just enough to increase
It's popularity ; it isn't broader
Than novels of the yellow-covered order ;
And then 'tis done in Fourteenth-street, you know,
Where only fashionable people go—
And so, of course, 'tis proper.

Min. (l. c.) To be sure.

Nothing with fashion's stamp can be impure.
Lentiousness may then claim admiration,
Tho' shocking when in a cheap publication.

Yen. Yes ; cheap and nasty—I catch the idea.

Pooh. [Coming down l. of MIN.] Minne——, what are you preaching
about, dear ?

Yen. [Aside c.] Jealous, poor little dear !—jealous, 'tis plain,
"Of my devotions at another's fane."

Wab. Come, mister, won't you do a little suthin'
To keep the pot a biling ? Ain't there nothin'
That you can sing or dance ?—they say you're some
Punkins at pigeon-wings : so step out—come.

Omnes. Ay, ay, a dance—a dance—whoo, whoo, whoo !

Yen. Oh, really now you flatter me, you do.
Upon my life, I'm but an amateur.

Min. Oh, do oblige us.

Pooh. Oh, you will, I'm sure.

Nuk. Your manner, madam, actually appears —

Pooh. If you don't hold your tongue, I'll box your ears.

Wab. Oh, see here, don't let's have so much paw-paw.

Yen. Well, then, suppose we dance a pas de trois ?
These charming ladies, will they be so kind ?

Pooh. With pleasure.

Min. [To HIAWATHA] Shall I, dear ?

Hia. If you're inclined,

My love, by all means jerk your little pas.

Yen. You're most obliging, 'pon my life you are

Nuk. [To POOHPOOHMAMMI.] Mind, I object.

Pooh. Oh, stuff, my dear !

Nuk. I swear

I'll lick that chap !

Pooh. Well, lick him, I don't care.

Yen. Now, ladies, by your leave. Commencz, Messieurs.

[YENADIZZI, MINNEHAHA and POOHPOOHMAMMI take places.

Leader. What's it to be ?

Yen. Oh, sir, our choice is yours

[*Indians sit around—NOGO-MISS and HIANAKITE in corner, R. together, watching—HIAWATHA and NUKKLEUNDAH, who sit at L. corner.*]

DANCE.—*YENADIZZI, MINNEHAHA and POOPHOHMMAMI.*—*During which YENADIZZI makes tender advances to MINNEHAHA and POOPHOHMMAMI, at which NOGOMISS and HIANAKITE rejoice—NUKKLEUNDAH gets very uneasy, he by gestures threatening YENADIZZI, but restrained by HIAWATHA, who smokes his pipe in great composure, and sips a tod which he gets from L. I E., when dance is about to commence.*

As soon as dance commences, NOGOMISS watches till YENADIZZI begins to flirt with MINNEHAHA, then NOGOMISS goes round stealthily at back and gets beside HIAWATHA, who does not notice YENADIZZI kissing POOPHOHMMAMI, but as he is about to kiss MINNEHAHA, NOGOMISS nudges HIAWATHA, who thereupon turns and sees what transpires.—HIAWATHA gets up in a rage amidst the yells of applause of the Indians at the dance.

Hia. [Throwing YENADIZZI into R. C.] I'm hanged if I stand that; see here, you sir,

What in thunder do you mean by kissing her?

Yen. My good sir, I —

No. [Sarcastically.] It's only courtesy.

Min. Of course not, and I ain't the least bit hurt, you see.

No. You can't take umbrage at mere courtesy.

Pooh. [To NUKKLEUNDAH.] I'd like you to object to his kissing me.

Yen. [To HIAWATHA.] Oh, quite preposterous! Sir, your conduct's low

Hia. It is, eh! Well, I can take you anyhow.

Min. Don't be absurd.

Yen. [Alarmed.] My good friend, now keep cool.

Min. You're making yourself an egregious fool.

Pooh. What small potatoes!

No. Go in—give him beans!

Hia. No: but I'll lick him, only just for greens.

[*Pitches into YENADIZZI—General row—NUKKLEUNDAH makes towards YENADIZZI, but is stopped by POOPHOHMMAMI, who takes him by the ear and leads him off R.—MINNEHAHA clinging to HIAWATHA, exclaiming—*

Min. Oh, spare him!—spare him, dear. Don't kill him quite!

No. Give it him—give it him! It serves him right!

[*All get well up and closed in.*

SCENE III.—Landscape, or wood in two. Enter NO-GO-MIS and HIANAKITE, laughing, (L.)

No. Didn't I tell you what a row there'd be.

Hian. And Yenadizzi licked, that tickles me.

My gal tells her chap he's a jealous donkey,
But that kiss that she got so raised his monkey
That she can't gammon him to look it over.

No. Poor Minnehaha, too has lost her lover.

Her goose is cooked, that Hiawatha swears—
 He's done with her forever, he declares.
 See, here he comes, and after him the gal,
 Your daughter, too. Now for a tragical,
 Comical, semi-serious pow-wow ;
 Let's stand aside and watch 'em, anyhow.

[No-go-mis and Hianakite exit, L.

Enter Hiawatha, R. 2 E.

Hia. My heart's broke by the very girl that won it ;
 False Minnehaha's been and gone and done it.
 There's no one here for me to love or lick,
 "All, all is lost now"—so I'll cut my stick.

Enter Pooh-pooh, supporting Minnehaha, R.

Pooh. Pluck up a spirit, dear, and tell him flat,
 You want to know what sort of game he's at.
 You've done no wrong, and won't stand his abuse.
 Go to him—give him Jessy—

Min. What's the use ?
 He won't believe me.

Pooh. I'll speak to him : Here !
 See, Mister—"taint for me to intersere,
 But you'll break this girl's heart—that's what you will.

Hia. I've had dor-darn bad luck—so I guess I *shall*.
 She's bruk mine, anyhow.

Min. Oh, don't say so !
 What have I done ?

Hia. Go, false one, G—g—go.

RECIT. AND AIR.—"ALL IS LOST NOW."

All is lost now ! Oh, I never—no, I never
 Could have thought as how you'd sever
 The true love's knot you tied with me.
 Cut, cut your stick, now, go, false deceiver.
 See this face, down which is running
 All the paint you once said made me look so stunning ;
 Now 'tis plain you were but funning,
 Just to get me on a string, I see.
 Still round here I feel a sneaking
 Kindness, that would fain be leaking.
 'Bout which now 'tis not worth speaking,
 Since you've treated me so ill.
 Tho' that other cove may get ye,
 Strikes me that I've spoiled his pretty,
 Yet, ne'er fear, I will not hit ye—
 No ! I love you, false one, still.

[Minnehaha bursts into tears, and cries loudly. Exit Pooh-pooh,
 supporting Minnehaha, R.

Hia. Ah ! false to me ? to me ? to me ? to me ?

[*No-go-mis enters, L., and signs to Hianakite to exit, which she does ; then No-go-mis advances to Hiawatha, R.*

No. My son, in what a dreadful rage you be.

Hia Avaunt ! begone ! thou damnable old hag ;
I swear I'll tie your head up in a bag,
If you provoke me farther.

No. Here's a muss !

Hia. What sense had I of the infernal buss ;
I didn't see it 'till you told me on't.

I'd all the kisses I could ask or want.

She that is kissed, her husband thinking true,
Let him not know it, and she's good as new !

[*Crosses to L.*

No. Well, I declare, that's pretty talk to me.

Hia. I had been happy if each Cherokee,
Pawnee, and all had kissed her cherry lip ;
So I'd not known it, I'd not cared a pip !
Oh ! now, forever, farewell the cheerful mug —
Farewell, tobacco, and the whiskey jug !
Farewell, Ojibeways and Chickasaws —
Farewell, my own crack tribe and the big wars,
In which we licked our enemies. Oh, farewell,
Farewell my togs, in which I've cut a swell,
And oh, ye mortal Injuns, whose rude whoops
Swell in the breeze like fashionable hoops.
Friends, foes, Kith, Kin, all, all, and every one,
Farewell ! This fellow's occupation's gone !

No. My son !

Hia [Seizing and shaking No-go-mis.] Villain, be sure he kissed her,
be quite sure !

Swear thou hadst ocular proof, or by this skewer,
[Draws knife.] Thou better hadst been born a tinker's dog,
Toad, skunk, worm, bed-bug, cock-roach, pollywog,
Than raise my dander up !

No. Upon my life !

Hia. If this be a base lie on my poor wife,
Never smile more — abandon all your tods,
There'll be the devil to pay, by all the Gods ;
For nothing can be too tarnation bad

Natur'd for that.

[*Throws her off to L., and gets R.*

No. [Scolding violently.] Well, cuss your impudence, I'll starve you
out,

Knocking your poor old grandmother about,
And all because I told you for your good,
If I did n't see it, who the devil could ?
But there, I see I've been a precious fool,
Nothing like taking family matters cool.
She'll make a nice accommodating wife,
And entertain your company to the life,

I've done ; from this I've nothing more to say,
You may just go to the devil your own way.

[*Exits Nogomis in a great rage, L. 1.*

Hia. Th' old gal's in earnest,—would I were satisfied.

Enter Nukkelundah R.

Nuk. See here, these girls insist that they're belied ;
Now that wont do for me, and Poohpoohmamma
Says I'm a fool ; I'm not so green tho' damme,
As to be humbugged, by that sort of talk.
I mean to make that fellow toe the chalk,
You've had your fling at him, and I'll have mine.

Hia. Kind heaven, I thank thee, for my cause is thine
By one or both of us the slave shall die.

Your hand.

Nuk. But mind I'm in for the first shy.

[*They join hands.*

DUETT—Suoni la tromba.

Nuk.

If you're the trump I think you are
Loving your gal as I do,
Ready to fight as drink you are,
Then we shall put him through.

Hia.

I'm in the pool with you, my boy,
For drinking and fighting too,
But one at the time will do my boy,
Either can put him through.

Together.

If you're the trump, &c.
Loving your gal, &c.
Ready to fight, &c.
You or I will put him through.

[*Exeunt L.*]

Enter all the Indians, R.

Wabun. Look'ee here, Ingins, here's a precious go !
I'm blest if I han 't struck a light 'll throw
A reglar 'lumination on this muss
About the gals ; that mischievous old cus
Mother Nogomis and that other fright,
What d'y'e call her—old ma'am Hianakite,
With Yenadizzi and old Dammidortur
Know more of this here row than what they'd orter.
I caught 'm all together a while ago
Jawning like thunder all about it.—So
I jist kept dark and listened for a spell,
They could'nt see me, and I heern'em tell
How it had been agreed to get that pup,

That Yenadizzi dandy to shin up
 To both the gals to get their fellows riled,
 That their intended marriage might be spiled.
 Nukkelundah and to'ther have both gone
 To pay the dandy for the work he's done.
 And here comes Minnehaha in a stew,
 Not knowing clearly what they mean to do.
 You keep her here and I'll engage 'fore long,
 To fix what the French call a Denouement!
 Strengthen a Sangaree with a small stick,
 And let her sip it for, poor thing, she's sick.

[Exit WABUN L.

Enter—MINNEHAHA, R. 1 distracted; dressed in white; hair down, &c.

Min. Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, to dinner,
 You must eat, I wont have you any thinner,
 You're angry, eh? what harm, sir, have I spoken,
 Whip your ill nature! get you to Hoboken.
 Oh, you're returned! Am I to blame to love him.
 Come, stop that, you've no right to pineh and shove him,
 Where art thou? He's here somewhere; love, where be ye?
 Ah, Ketchee! Ketchee! Peep-bo! Ah! I see ye,
 Stand off, I say! What, gone again? Who'll dare
 To keep him from me? Ha! look there! look there!

[*Sings from “the Maniac.”*]

I see him leap the garden wall,
 He heeds me not,
 No, by Evings! I am not mad!
 Oh, release me!
 No, by Evings! I am not mad!

Here he jumped down; oh, I'll dig dig the den up.
 I've come to something to be digging men up.

[*Sings—from Lucia, and rushes off R. 1, L.*

At end of Mad scene—YENADIZZI is heard without, R. H. U. E.

Yen. Help! help! help! murder! murder! help!

Hia. [Outside, R.] Stop thief!

Nuk. [Outside, R.] Seize him! Upset him!

Enter YENADIZZI, running breathlessly, R. u.

Yen. If you'd just as lief,
 I'd rather you'd permit me to escape.

Min. [Entering, R. 1.; seizing him.] Never! you got me into this
 vile scrape,

You stole a kiss, an unprovoked attack.

Yen. My dear, I'm quite prepared to give it back.

Min. Wretch! can you give me back my peace of mind?

Pooh [Also holding him.] What satisfaction, fool, am I to find?
 Hav'nt I lost a husband?

Min. And I too?

Yen. Damme, I'll marry both, if that 'll do.

Hia. [Enter r. ; outside.] This way he ran!

Nuk. [Outside, r.] Come on!

Min. My love!

Pooh. And mine!

Hia. [Outside, r.] Vengeance!

Nuk. Destruction!

Hia. Torture!

Nuk. Death!

Yen. [Getting to L, corner.] "Dem fine!"

Enter HIAWATHA and NUKKLEUNDAH R. U. hastily.

Nuk. At last my turn is come, and thus I seize—

[Lays hold of YENADIZZI, but POOHPOOHMAMMI seizes NUKKLEUNDAH and passes him over to r.

Pooh. Turn yourself over here, sir, if you please,
And have the goodness, will you, to keep cool.

Nuk. [Passionately.] Ma'am, do you take me for an arrant fool.

Pooh. Of course I do!

NUKKELUNDAH bursts away and stalks up followed by POOHPOOHMAMMI.

Min. [To HIAWATHA.] O pray hear reason, dear.

Hia. My mind's made up!

Yen. So's my account, I fear!

Hia. Seizing YENADIZZI, and bringing him c.] Nukkel, the victim's yours, if now you claim him.

Pooh. (r.) I'll slap your face, now, if you only name him.

Nuk. (r.) Yes, but I tell you.

Pooh. Hush up!

Nuk. I cave in!

Hia. Then thus I instantly "go in and win."

[About to scalp YENADIZZI—WABUN speaks loudly as entering with NOGOMIS, HIANAKITE and DAMMIDORTUR, tied in a rope, L. U. E.

Wab. [Down L. corner.] No, no—hold on; don't hurt that silly cuss. These is the critters that made all the muss.

Min. My father!

Pooh. Mother!

Wab. Yes, and aunty, here.

Old Mrs. Belzebub came pretty near
Fixing your flints, and blowing you to thunder,
For they was bent on keeping you asunder,
And so they set that fool a making love
To both the gals.

Min. Oh, if you could but prove
That interesting fact beyond a doubt,
From all this bother it would help us out;
Form a convenient climax to our play
And end things in the good old-fashioned way.

[*A loud, slow whoop heard at back ; all separate to either side, look about and listen.*

Hia. "If I were superstitious, I should say,"
Some one's about your wishes to obey ;
But tho' I own at present 'tis obscure,
It only wants a gong to make me sure.

[*Gong—change to fancy scene, discovering GITCHE MANITO.*

Git. [Advancing c] To clear up, then, this troublesome mishap,
Save some blue fire and a vampire trap,
I come, like an established fairy queen,
To make you happy in a new last scene.

Hia. 'Tis Gitchie Manito ! oh, welcome tones !
I knew he'd come, I felt it in my bones.

Git. I heard your wish, and knew just what you meant.

Min. Speak !

Pooh. Quick !

Nuk. My Pooh !

Hia. My Min !

Git. [Very loud.] Is innocent !

[*Indians yell.*

Hia. { Sweet, injured excellence—come to my heart.

Nuk. {

[*HIAWATHA, who is l. c., and NUKKLEUNDAH, who is r. c., back quickly upon GITCHI-MANITO, and knock him down ; he gets up, and limps off, while MINNEHAHA and HIAWATHA, and NUKKLEUNDAH and POOHPOOHMAMMI, meet and embrace.—NO-GO-MISS, HIANAKITE, and DAMMIDORTUR, upset WABUN and Excunt, l. 1.—YENADIZZI steals across from r. to l., but is checked by HIAWATHA's voice.*

Yen. I guess it's about time I should depart.

Hia. Yes, cut your stick, follow your crowd along,
We let up on 'em, tho' perhaps 'tis wrong,
The attempt and not the deed recoils upon
All who'd dissolve our happy Union.

[*The Symphony of "Finale" is commenced, when MINNEHAHA advances, and stops the Leader.*

Min. One moment if you please—

[*To AUDIENCE.*] Should you ask me whence this drama,
Whence these cut-woods and setpieces,
With the impress of the Forest,
With the smell of Metamora,
With the rushing of live supers,
With its frequent song and chorus,
And its queer instrumentation,
As of scoring by La Manna ?
I should answer—I should tell you—
From Longfellow's " Hiawatha,"
From the song of the Professor,
The edition of one Ticknor,
From the store of Mr. Lockwood ;—
You have seen it as 'tis altered
By the pen of Charley Walcot

The Comedian, the Mummer.
 Should you ask where Charley Walcot
 Found his version of the story,
 This his murder of Longfellow ;
 I should answer—I should tell you—
 In the scarcity of subjects,
 In the dearth of striking subjects.
 In the knowledge of its value,
 In its value for its title.
 Ye who love extravaganza,
 Love to laugh at all things funny,
 Love the bold anachronism,
 And the work of paste and scissors,
 And “the unities” destruction,
 Nigger airs, old glees and catches,
 Interspersed with gems of Op'ra,
 Jokes and puns, good, bad and so-so,—
 Come and see this mutilation,
 This disgraceful Hiawatha,
 Mongrel, doggrel Hiawatha !—

FINALE.—“*L'Elisire d'Amore*.

Min. Our mimic troubles ended, we have nothing else to do,
 But turn with some anxiety, kind gentlefolks to you,
 In hopes you'll come again, and bring your friends to see our
 pranks,
 That we long may have your countenance and you our hearty
 thanks.

Chorus. In hopes, &c.

Nuk. My little woman here and I may sometimes have a spat—

Pooh. My dear, don't be absurd—

Nuk. My love, I will speak, and that's flat.

An angry word may now and then, like bitters in the cup
 Of life, disturb our sweets—

Pooh. What then ?

Nuk. We'll kiss and make it up.

Chorus. An angry word, &c.

MORAL.

Hia. As with them, so with these happy States, still let the maxim
 be,
 Shake hands and make it up again, whene'er they disagree.
 As with us, so may the enemies of Union ever fail.
 And patriot hearts and hands protect what treason would
 assail.

Chorus. As with us, &c.

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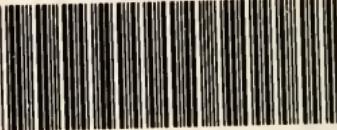
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